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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



1547
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.



History of the life of our late President
in Rhyme.

Respectfully dedicated to the American People.

BY E. B. CORBY.

11

In Memorium.

T'was on a cold November morn
When in a Humble home was born
A child, so poor it had no name,
But destined hence to grow in fame.
The Parents fondly loved their boy
Because he was their hope and joy;
And when he grew to be a youth,
Like Washington, he told the truth.

When other boys were sent to school
He on the Tow-path drove a Mule.
But not content thus to remain,
He sought for knowledge to obtain.
Securing first a student's place,
He toiled and studied with such grace
That soon a Teacher he became,
And quickly won himself a name.

And as in years he grew apace,
He entered fully in the race
To gain renown—and honor too—
As all good men should ever do.
To the Senate he was elected
The people's voice he represented,
And then a noble deed he did,
And added honor to his bid.

T'was on a day when all was disgraced,
A noble deed he did to save the race.
The people's voice he represented
“Glory or death,” he said, “or die.”
The people's voice he represented
Was a noble deed by all,
He vowed to save the country's call,
To save the people's land.

He served his country in the field,
And never to the foe did yield,
But victory perched upon his Arms
And added lustre to his charms.
Then called to Washington to lend
Wisdom and counsel as a friend,
That in his Country's hour of need
He was so competent to give.

When Lincoln died, that noble chief,
The country plunged in deepest grief,
We heard a voice amid the strife
That called our flag back to life,
"God reigns! Victory to the sword give,
"The Government is in our lives,"
Through the ranks of every man,
Our Government is glorified.

The war is ended: peace has come;
There's no more use for sword or gun
But still no leisure hours he finds
But toils and strives with other minds
That came in contact on the floor.
He never worked so hard before
To oppose the wrong and uphold the right.
For this he labored day and night.

The convention met to choose a man
To fill the chair of state again,
But long and weary worked in vain
Until they heard James Garfield's name
Then with applause and joyful sound
We hear the cry, "Our man is found."
Then as the fearless conqueror goes,
He triumphed over all his foes.

Next in the Presidential chair
We see him meet out justice fair,
Trying with all his powers and might
To crush out evil and sustain the right,
But in an hour when hopes were high,
This patriotic chief did die,
He died, by an assassin's hand,
This noblest man in all our land.

For eighty days so racked with pain
This strong man struggled all in vain
To overcome the cruel blow
Dealt by the assassin which laid him low.
With tender care his loving wife
Did all she could to save his life,
The surgeon's skill was all in vain,
They could not save this dying man

Life's battles fought, the victory's won,
His labors here on earth are done.
The weary soul at last found rest
Safe in the mansions of the blest.
All honor give to Garfield's name,
The soldier, statesman, high in fame;
All parties join in solemn grief,
All other nations mourn our chief.

Our nation's loss we deeply feel,
But Christ can all our sorrows heal.
Peace to his ashes. Rest may they
Until the Resurrection day.

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